

COMMIES

LAST
GASP

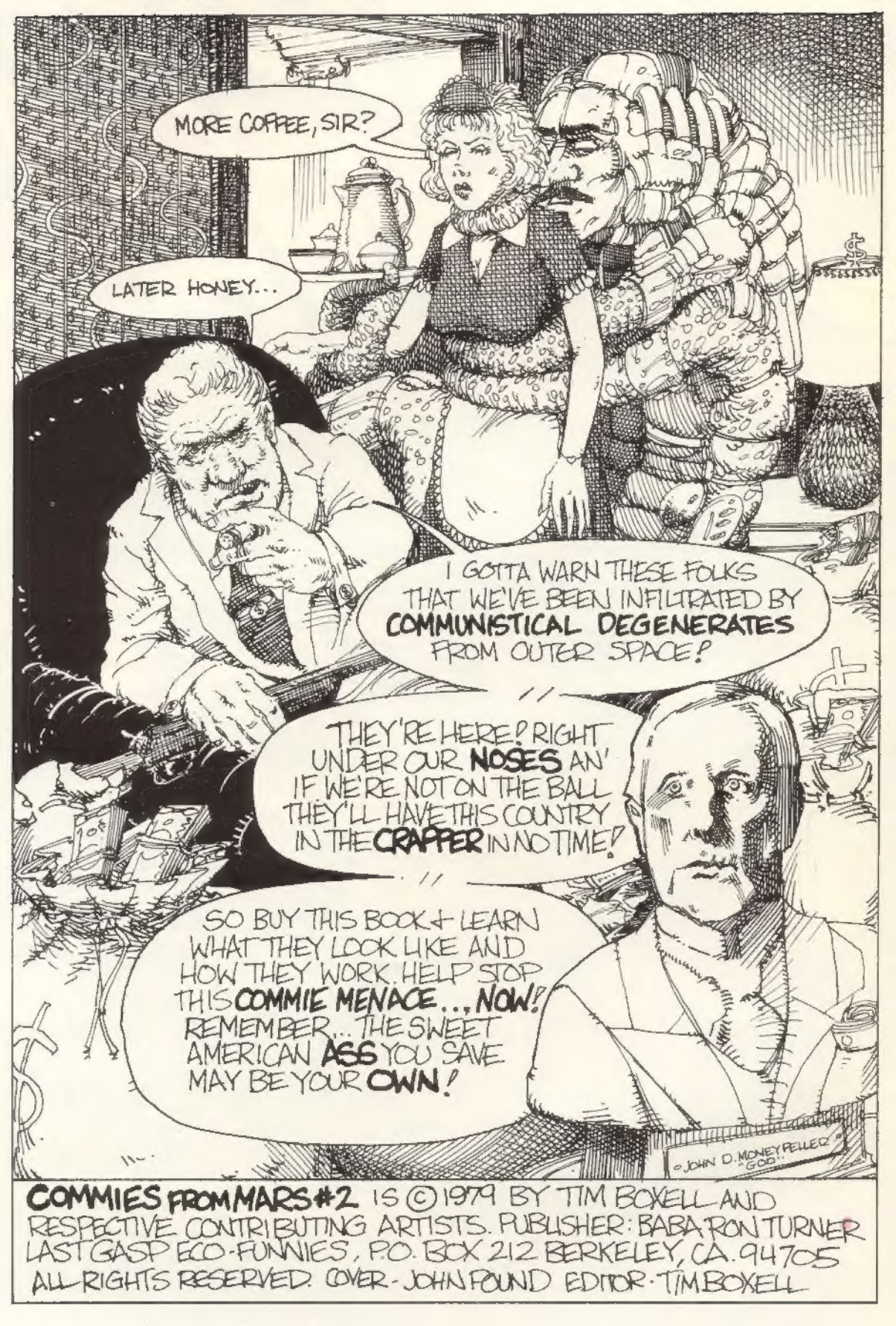
FROM WARS

NO. 2

THE RED PLANET!

ADULTS \$1.25





MORE COFFEE, SIR?

LATER HONEY...

I GOTTA WARN THESE FOLKS
THAT WE'VE BEEN INFILTRATED BY
COMMUNISTICAL DEGENERATES
FROM OUTER SPACE!

THEY'RE HERE! RIGHT
UNDER OUR **NOSES** AN'
IF WE'RE NOT ON THE BALL
THEY'LL HAVE THIS COUNTRY
IN THE **CRAPPER** IN NO TIME!

SO BUY THIS BOOK + LEARN
WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE AND
HOW THEY WORK. HELP STOP
THIS **COMMIE MENACE... NOW!**
REMEMBER... THE SWEET
AMERICAN **ASS** YOU SAVE
MAY BE YOUR **OWN!**

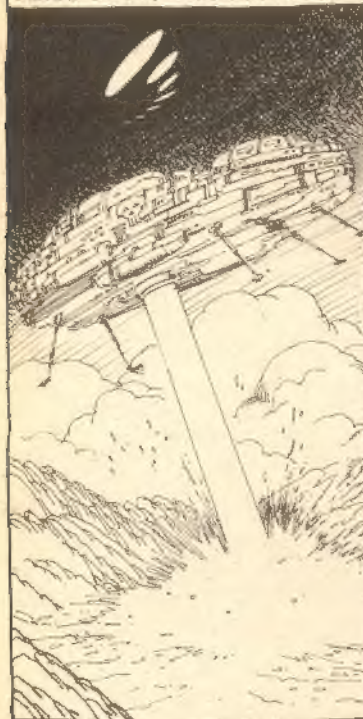
JOHN D. MONEY PULLED
"GOD"

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LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 212 BERKELEY, CA. 94705
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PROLOGUE: THE MARTIAN CLEAN UP FORCE RAKED THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET SLOWLY, METHODICALLY. FOCUSED RAYS OF ANNIHILATING ENERGY CHURNED ITS SURFACE, DESTROYING ITS ECOLOGY, DISRUPTING ITS SYSTEMS, LEAVING CHARRED, FRAGMENTED REMAINS IN THEIR WAKE.



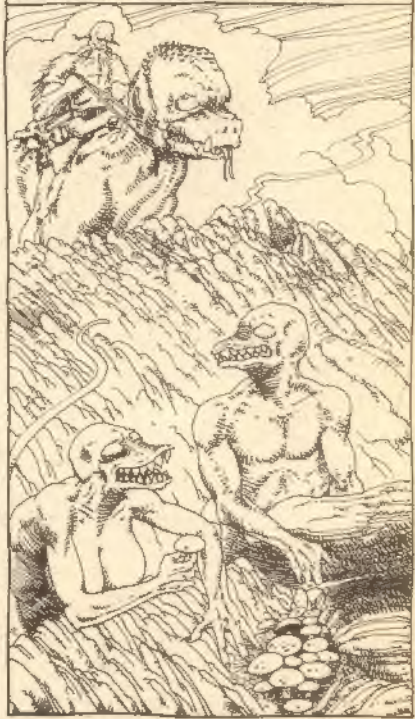
ONE SHIP BROKE AWAY AND LANDED AS THE SQUADREN MOVED ON TO ANOTHER TARGET.



CLEAN UP WASN'T COMPLETE UNTIL THE PLANET COULD BE CERTIFIED DEAD. AND IN SPITE OF THE LETHAL ASSAULT IT HAD SUFFERED...



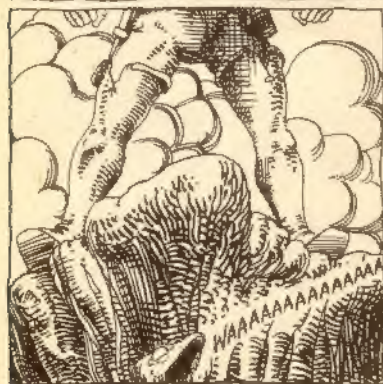
SOME LIFE FORMS ALWAYS MANAGED TO SURVIVE. IT WAS HIS TASK TO SEE THAT THEIR SURVIVAL WAS BRIEF.



WAS THERE COMPASSION IN THIS
KILLER? WOULD HIS MARTIAN
HUNGER FOR DEATH REDUCE THIS
PLANET TO NOTHING MORE THAN A...

SNARK?





GOMP!



MANY BIG HELLOS FROM
COMRADE COL. BEMOVITCH!



"COMMIES FROM MARS" IS
ASKING ME TO RELATE STORY
OF HOW BEAUTIFUL BLUE-
WHITE PLANET EARTH FELL
INTO SLIMEY CRIMSON
EXTRATERRESTRIAL
MARXIST CLUTCHES...

IT BEGAN IN JUNE 2362 AD, AFTER MANY DECADES OF VEILED
THREATS, UNPLEASANT INCIDENTS, AND GENERAL COLD WAR,
WHEN THE TWO PLANETS FINALLY DISCUSSED, DESIGNED,
AMENDED, AND AGREED TO SIGN...

THE TREATY!

WAS LATE IN "DAY"...

THAR SHE
BE...

© 1979 COMRADE RICH (BIG PHOBOS) LARSON

SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED SPACE STATION DESIGNATED
"NEUTRAL CORNER" BLIPPED ONTO THE EARTHSTATE
TRANSPORT'S VIEWSCREEN...

WE'RE READY, WEST.

LINGUIST AND TREATY MISSION TRANSLATOR PROF. DANA WEST TOOK DEEP BREATH, STEADIED
HERSELF, AND WENT TO ALERT REST OF DIPLOMATIC PARTY...

NO WEAPONS, GENERAL.
AGAINST PROTOCOL.

READY, MR.
UNDERSECRETARY?

WE HOLD THE FUTURE
OF TWO WORLDS IN
OUR HANDS, MISS
WEST! DOESN'T THAT
EXCITE YOU?

NOW DON'T BE AFRAID,
CHILD. YOU JUST DO
YOUR BEST.

YES, DR. KAM.

I DON'T LIKE IT. THESE
SLUGS MAKE THE
KIMER. ROUGE LOOK LIKE
CAMPFIRE GIRLS.
TREACHEROUS, AMORAL
SQUISHY ALIENS!

YOU'D BETTER BE
ON YOUR GAME,
WEST. THESE AREN'T
USC STUDENTS. THESE
ARE MARTIANS!
THE BIG MONEY!

PLEASE, MR.
VICECHANCELLOR!

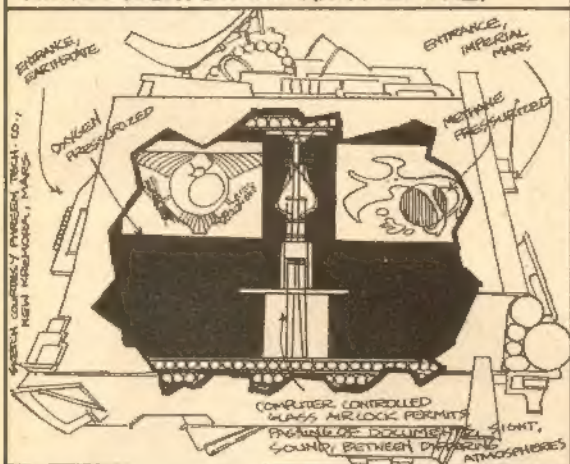
THE TRANSPORT BRAKED AT 1500 METERS FROM "NEUTRAL CORNER". EARTHSTATE DELEGATION DEBARKEED AND JETPAKED SLOWLY TOWARD IT.



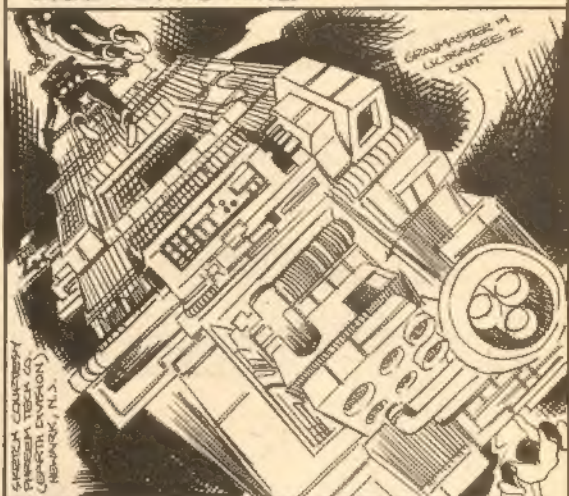
3000 METERS DIRECTLY OPPOSITE, MARTIAN SHUTTLECRAFT FIRED ITS RETROS. A HISS OF ESCAPING METHANE, AND FIVE OFFICIALS OF IMPERIAL MARTIAN CONTROL WAFTED INTO THE INKY SILENCE...



BASIC STRUCTURE WAS STANDARD EARTHSTATE TEMPORARY ONE-ROOM DEEP-SPACE SHELTER. DIVIDING IT IN HALF WAS MARTIAN GLASS AIRLOCK MARK 7ZBB-ZOOB. ONE SIDE PRESSURIZED WITH OXYGEN, OTHER WITH METHANE.



HONEYWELL GRAVMASTER™ ULTRAGEE II GENERATED ARTIFICIAL GRAVITATIONAL FIELD. WITHOUT ATMOSPHERE, WITHOUT GRAVITY, INK WOULD NOT FLOW; TREATY COULD NOT BE SIGNED.



AIRLOCKS SLID NOISELESSLY SHUT. COMPUTER PRESSURIZED THEM, THEN SPOKE.

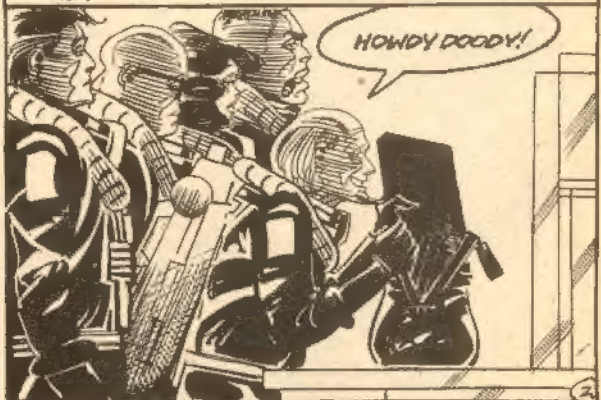
LOCKS AND INTERIOR ATMOSPHERES, GENTLE- BEINGS. YOU MAY REMOVE YOUR HELMETS.



HOWDY DOODY!



FOR FIRST TIME, EARTHLING AND MARTIAN FACED EACH OTHER WITHOUT WEAPON IN HAND.



MARTIANS STOOD SILENTLY, IMPLACABLY, UNMOVED BY EARTHSTATE INTERNATIONAL
TREATY LAW EXPERT DR. LOUIS KAM'S TOOTHY GREETING...

"I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TRANSLATE
"HOWDY DOODY", DR. KAM..."

THEY HAVE... NO "HOWDY DOODY"? UM OH...

QUIET WAS SO THICK YOU COULD CUT
IT WITH LASER KNIFE... THEN WEST
SPOKE THE WORDS SHE HAD REHEARSED
AND COMMITTED TO MEMORY...

ACCORDING TO
TREATY PROTOCOL,
MOST REVERED
IMPERIAL UNCLE
ZUMBROTA OF
MARTIAN
CONTROL SPEAKS
FIRST...

THE MARTIAN TRANSLATOR REPEATED THESE WORDS IN HIS TONGUE, AND ZUMBROTA SPOKE.

ZUMBROTA SAYS: "LIKE A SCREAM IN THE TEMPLE IS WAR ACROSS THE FACE OF THE BLACK NIGHT. INAPPROPRIATE, IRREVERANT. THE SANDSWEPT PEOPLE WANT DEEP AND PERFECT BLACK NIGHT UPON THEM ONCE MORE. LET US SIGN NOW."

ICE CREAM? WHAT'S
THIS BULLSHIT ABOUT
ICE CREAM?!

IF HE THROUGH? ARE THE RECORDERS ON?

I DIDN'T GET IT...

...N'T GET IT... SINCE MAN'S ANCIENT ANCESTORS FIRST DRAGGED THEMSELVES UP OUT OF THE PRIMORDIAL SLIME... SINCE THEY FIRST GREW EYES TO SEE AND FACES TO TILT HEAVENWARD...

... THAT INFINITE, STARSTREWN VELVET
MANTLE OF BLACK CALLED SPACE HAS
HAUNTED OUR DREAMS, HAS BADE US
COME, COME CLASP IT UNTO
OUR BOSOMS...

THE UNDERSECRETARY PAUSED FOR THE MARTIAN TRANSLATOR, BUT SUDDENLY ZIMBROTA SPOKE AGAIN.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notation includes various notes (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and clefs (treble and bass). The handwriting is in a historical style, likely from a 16th or 17th-century manuscript.

FORM AND CONTENT OF THE MEETING HAD BEEN CAREFULLY LAID OUT BEFOREHAND...NO DIVERSIONS THEREFROM WERE TO OCCUR...

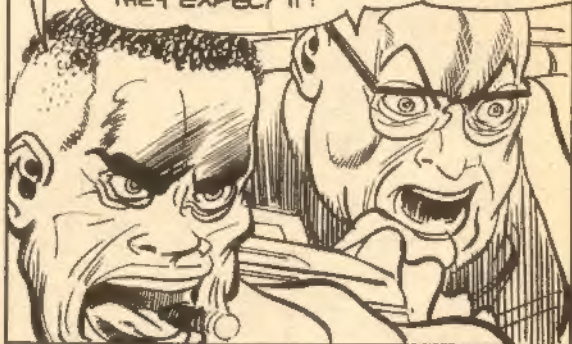
ALREADY A BREACH OF PROTOCOL?

HE SAYS: "THE SANDSWEEP PEOPLE LIVE ONLY TEN ZODS. LET US SIGN THE TREATY NOW."



WHAT? THAT'S A SLAP RIGHT IN EARTH'S FACE! THEY SPOKE THEIR PIECE! NOW IT'S OUR TURN!

SO TWENTY MINUTES IS TOO MUCH TO ASK? THIS SPEECH IS FOR OUR PEOPLE! THEY EXPECT IT!



HOLD IT, HOLD IT! LET'S NOT BE THE ONES TO BLOW THE TREATY! LET'S JUST SIGN AND GET OUT! BALPH, YOU CAN GIVE YOUR SPEECH BACK HOME!

SHIT!!



THE UNDERSECRETARY RELUCTANTLY PRODUCED A CASE CONTAINING THE CEREMONIAL PENS...

THIS ISN'T THE WAY WE DO THINGS BACK IN NEW YORK!



ZUMBROTA SPOKE AGAIN, AND THIS TIME DIRECTLY TO EARTHLING TRANSLATOR.

WTF???

NOW WHAT?!!



AND WEST RESPONDED, THE INTERCHANGE CONTINUED FOR TWO AND ONE HALF MINUTES.

WTF???

MISS WEST?



WHAT'S GOING ON, WEST?

WEST, YOUR JOB IS TO TRANSLATE, NOT MAKE GODDAMN SMALL TALK WITH THE GODDAMN SLUGS!!





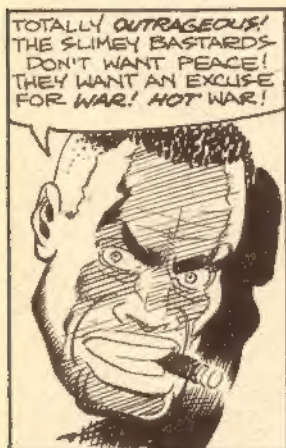
I'LL PARAPHRASE. THEY WANT THE TREATY SIGNED IN A MANNER THAT SHOWS THE HIGHEST **RESPECT** AND **HONOR** FOR IT, ACCORDING TO THE TRADITIONS OF BOTH PLANETS.

...MEANING?



BLOOD. THEY WANT IT SIGNED IN BLOOD.

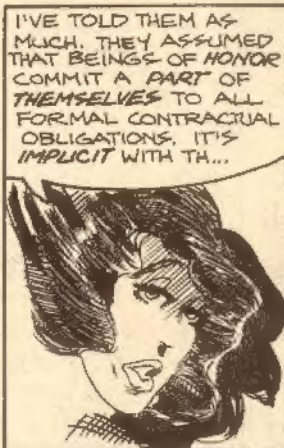
BLOOD?? ... OUR BLOOD??
WH... H... OUT OF THE QUESTION!!!



TOTALLY OUTRAGEOUS! THE SLIMEY BASTARDS DON'T WANT PEACE! THEY WANT AN EXCUSE FOR WAR! HOT WAR!



THERE ARE NO PROVISIONS FOR THIS IN THE PROTOCOL, MISS WEST.



I'VE TOLD THEM AS MUCH. THEY ASSUMED THAT BEINGS OF HONOR COMMIT A PART OF THEMSELVES TO ALL FORMAL CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATIONS. IT'S IMPLICIT WITH TH...



"THEY ASSUME"! I'M NOT STICKING SOME GODLESS MARTIAN THINGA-MAJIG IN MY ARM! I MOVE WE WALK!



WAIT. HOW DO THEY EXPECT US TO DO IT, WEST?

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS VICE CHANCELLOR!!

THEY HAVE THE DEVICES. THEY'RE STERILE. IF WE DON'T TRUST THEM, WE CAN CHECK THEM BACK AT OUR SHIP...

TRUST THEM?? YOU IDIOT! THEY'RE MASTERS OF DECEIT! THIS IS A TRICK! A PLOT!

WE'RE IN A STICKY SITUATION HERE, GEN. EITHER WE BRING THE ASSEMBLY BACK A TREATY, OR WE'RE FINISHED, POLITICALLY.

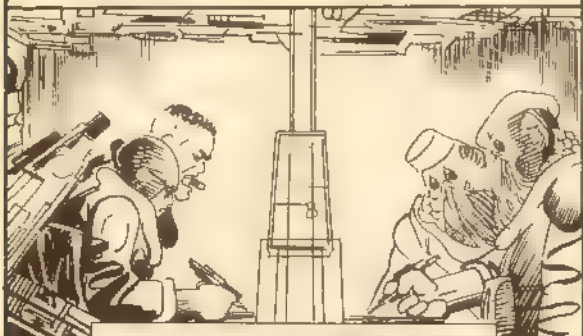
WELL, I'VE STUDIED THE MARTIANS AS A PEOPLE FOR TEN YEARS. I KNOW THEM PRETTY WELL, PSYCHOLOGICALLY. I THINK THEY'RE ON THE LEVEL...



THE EARTHMEN ARGUED FOR SOME MINUTES. THEN, ONE BY ONE, THEIR VOICES FELL SILENT...

SO WE'RE GOING TO STAKE AN ENTIRE PLANET ON WOMAN'S INTUITION. JESUS H. CHRIST.

SIX COPIES OF THE TREATY WERE QUICKLY SIGNED BY BOTH SIDES, WITHOUT FURTHER COMMENT...



ACCORDING TO PROTOCOL, UNDER-SECRETARY RALPH MAKES THE FIRST CLOSING STATEMENT.



FUCK THAT. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE

BOTH DELEGATIONS RETURNED HOME TO HEROES' WELCOMES THE SPLENDOR AND SPECTACLE OF WHICH WERE UNEQUALLED IN HISTORY...



.. OF COURSE, FOR THE EARTHERS, IT WAS A BIT "SHORT-LIVED"...

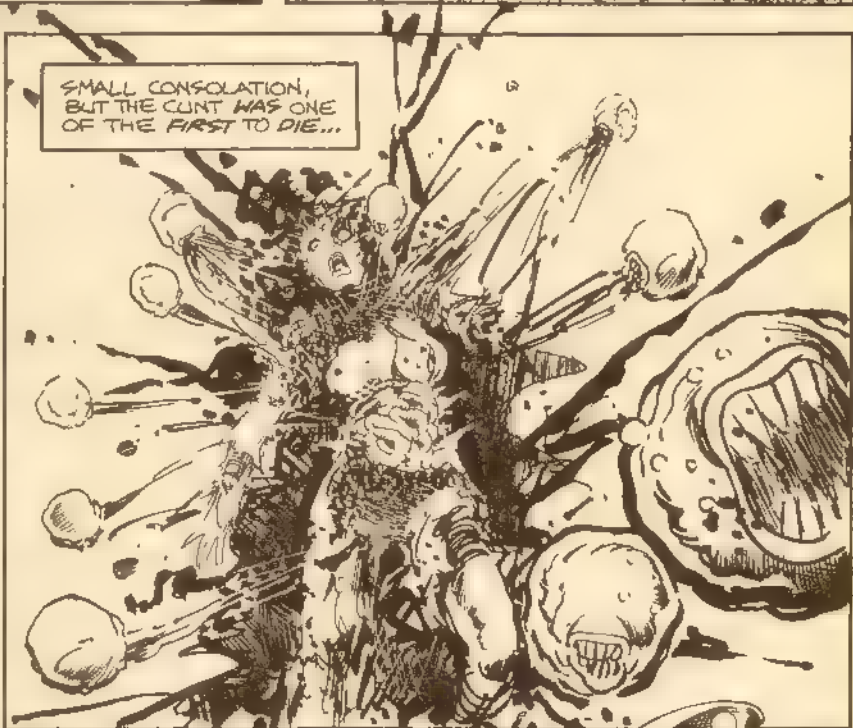


A FEW HOURS LATER, TWO BILLION EARTHERS WERE DEAD. EATEN ALIVE BY SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND FAST-GROWING, VORACIOUS, FLYING TENNIS-BALL-SIZED PREDATORS WHICH EXPLODED FROM EVERY SQUARE INCH OF THE DIPLOMAT'S BODIES...



THE WOMAN, WEST, WAS PROMISED HIGH POSITION IN THE NEW ORDER IF SHE COULD GET DIPLOMATS TO EXPOSE BLOOD TO AIR, WHICH CONTAINED BIOLOGICAL WEAPON (NOT HYPODERMIC PENS... MARTIANS ALWAYS THINKING...)

SMALL CONSOLATION, BUT THE CLINT WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO DIE...



ON MARS WE HAVE SAYING! PUT YOUR TRUST IN THE GODS, BUT KEEP YOUR BUREAUCRATS AND YOUR BROADS AT HOME!!

A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT NOW, THOUGH, ISN'T IT? SEE YOU IN THE CRYLLIUM MINES!



ME, GLUG HAVESUM. ONLY A LITTLE KID BACK IN THE EARLY 1960'S, BUT WITH A NAGGING QUESTION...

WHAT IF MY MOM AN' DAD ARE COMMUNISTS?



© DOUG HANSEN 979

MY THREE BROTHERS (BLOB, BRAP AND FLEETH), MY PARENTS AND I LIVED ON A FORTIFIED ISLAND. IT WAS A SENSITIVE, STRATEGIC SPECK IN A VAST OCEAN; A BULWARK AGAINST COMMUNIST INVASION.

I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT, IT SEEMED SO NATURAL BUT WE FOUR BOYS KEPT A "SHIP LIST," A LIST OF EVERY SHIP THAT CAME TO THE ISLAND. IT WAS OUR "HOBBY." HOW CONVENIENT THAT OUR HOUSE SAT RIGHT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR.

OUR HOUSE WAS ALSO IN THE FLIGHT PATHS OF TWO MAJOR AIRFIELDS. OUR DAD ENCOURAGED US TO KEEP A "PLANE LIST," A LIST OF ALL THE DIFFERENT AIRCRAFT WE SAW. IT ALL SEEMED INNOCENT ENOUGH...

UNTIL ONE NIGHT I SAT UP IN BED, FINALLY REALIZING THE IMPORT OF ALL THE LISTS WE HAD BEEN KEEPING!



HOLY COW! IF THE COMMUNISTS EVER GOT THEIR HANDS ON OUR LISTS, THE ISLAND.. I MEAN OUR COUNTRY, WOULD FALL IN A DAY!

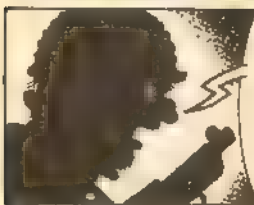
I SCRAMBLED OUT OF BED AND RAN OVER TO OUR "TREASURE CHEST" TO SEE IF THE LISTS WERE SAFE AND SOUND. BUT THEY WERE...

THEN I NOTICED... MY 3 BROTHERS WERE MISSING FROM THEIR BUNK BEDS! I RAN TO MY PARENTS ROOM...

I HEARD NOISES IN THE STREET... MILITARY POLICE HAD EVERYONE; MOM, DAD, BLOB, BRAP AND FLEETH, AT GUNPOINT. I COULD GUESS WHY. THE COMMANDER OF THE M.P.'S SAW ME AND SHOUTED...



...BUT THEY WEREN'T THERE EITHER!



NOW LISEN YOUNG MAN, WE KNOW THESE TRAITORS ARE YOUR FAMILY, WE CAUGHT 'EM ON THE BEACH WITH A SIGNALING DEVICE... PROBABLY CONTACTING A COMMIE SUBMARINE! THEY WON'T TALK. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT A "LIST"?



JUST THEN, HUNDREDS OF COMMUNISTS BURST FROM THE DARKNESS AND GUNNED DOWN THE MILITARY POLICE BEFORE OUR VERY EYES.



THE INVADING COMMUNISTS GREETED MY FAMILY LIKE... LIKE OLD FRIENDS! SO IT WAS TRUE, I HAD BEEN RIGHT ALL ALONG, MY FAMILY WAS A FAMILY OF COMMIE SPIES!

WELCOME COMRADES!



YOUR SIGNALS ASSURED THE SUCCESS OF OUR ATTACK! NOW, LET US HAVE "LISTS" OF IMPERIALIST SHIP AND PLANE MOVEMENTS! BUT WAIT! WHO IS THAT BOY OVER THERE?

THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT ME!

WELL YOUNG MAN, ARE YOU A TRUE FOLLOWER OF MARX AND LENIN, LIKE THE REST OF YOUR FAMILY?



H-NO, 3 ULP! I'M A DEMOCRAT



I COULD NOT HAVE BEEN PREPARED FOR WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER FOR SURE, BUT THE LEADER OF THE COMMUNIST DID NOT SHOOT. IN FACT HE SMILED... AND CHEERED! AND THEN ALL THE OTHER COMMIES STARTED TO JUMP UP AND DOWN AND CHEER.

THAT'S THE RIGHT ANSWER!

HE'S PASSED THE TEST!

HOORAY FOR KING GLUG!



AND THEN, AN EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE THING HAPPENED, THEY PEELED OFF THEIR FACES!



THEY WERE MARTIANS!

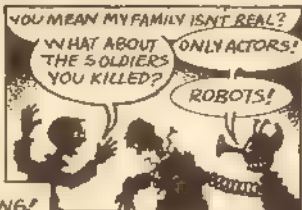


GREETINGS KING GLUG!

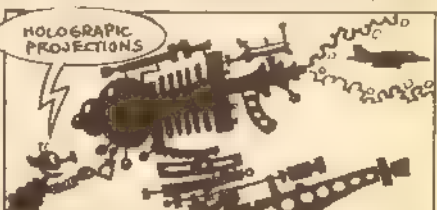
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY ARE YOU CALLING ME KING GLUG? WHAT TEST DID I PASS? MOM? DAD?



B-BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SHIPS... THE PLANES AND BUILDINGS? THE PEOPLE ON THE STREETS?

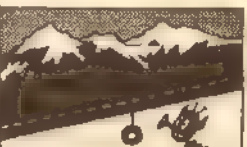
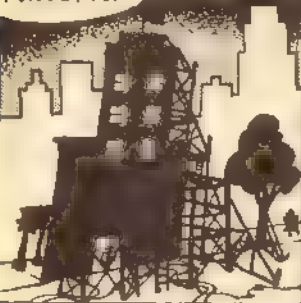


YOU MEAN MY FAMILY ISN'T REAL? WHAT ABOUT THE SOLDIERS YOU KILLED? ONLY ACTORS! ROBOTS!



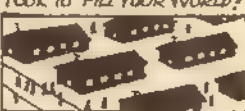
HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTIONS

... SOMETIMES OF COURSE WE HAD TO CONSTRUCT ENTIRE BUILDINGS, EVEN CITIES! OUR LAST KING WAS A REAL STICKLER FOR DETAIL!



MOUNTAINS AND OCEANS WERE PAINTED BACKDROPS

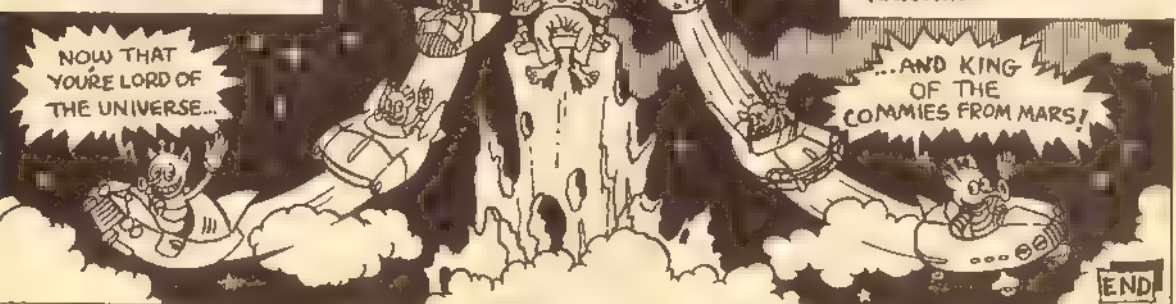
IT TOOK HUNDREDS OF BAR RACKS TO HOUSE THE THOUSANDS OF EXTRAS IT TOOK TO FILL YOUR WORLD!



"Y-YOU MEAN I'M THE ONLY HUMAN ON EARTH? NOT EXACTLY, GLUG. YOU SEE THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS EARTH! YOU'VE REALLY BEEN LIVING ON AN ASTEROID WE FIXED UP FOR YOU!"



BUT DON'T FEEL BAD, YOU HAVE A NEW WORLD, ONE TO CALL YOUR OWN...

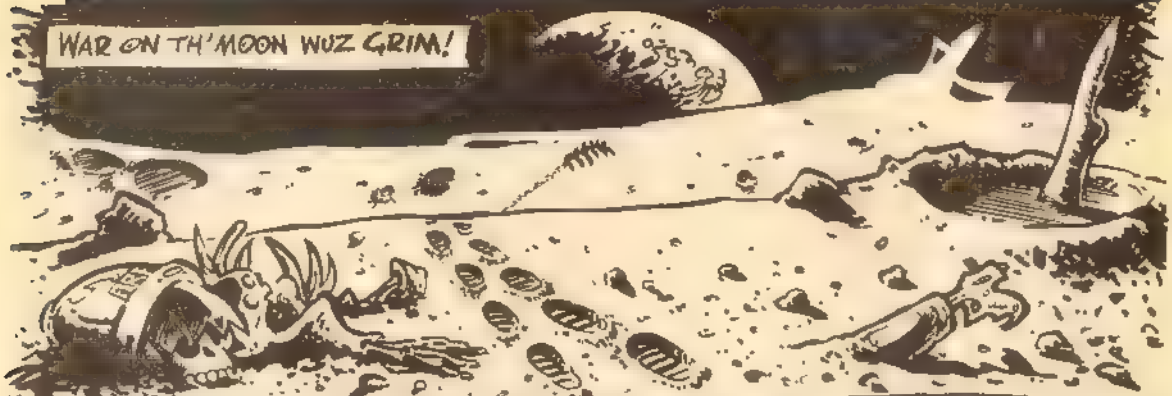


NOW THAT YOU'RE LORD OF THE UNIVERSE...

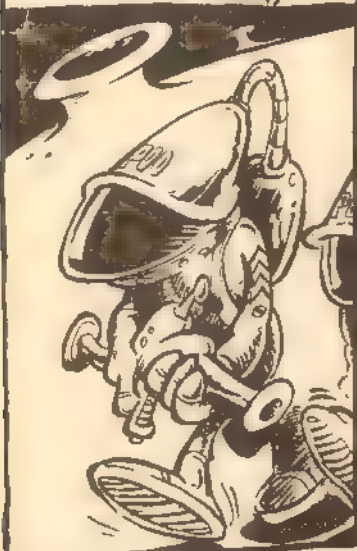
...AND KING OF THE COMMIES FROM MARS!

END

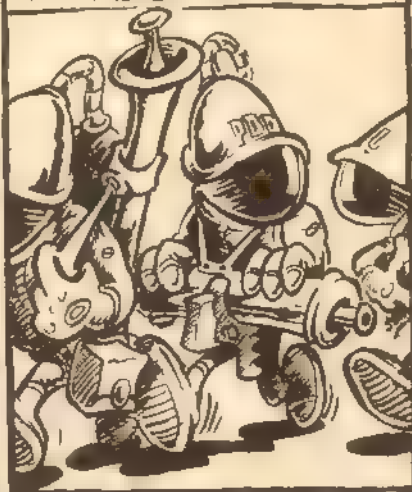
WAR ON TH' MOON WUZ GRIM!



POO PLATOON WUZ THE
TUFFEST, FIGHTIN'-EST
UNIT ON TH' MOON!



I'M SARGEANT GRR!! I LED
TH' BOYZ ALL THE WAY FROM
MARE IMBRIUM TO MOONCITY
MANSIONS IN PURSUIT OF A
GLIP PHOTON-GUN CONVOY!



UNFORTUNATELY, WE WUZ
LUMBERED WIT' DIS DANGED
BUNNY-RABBIT!



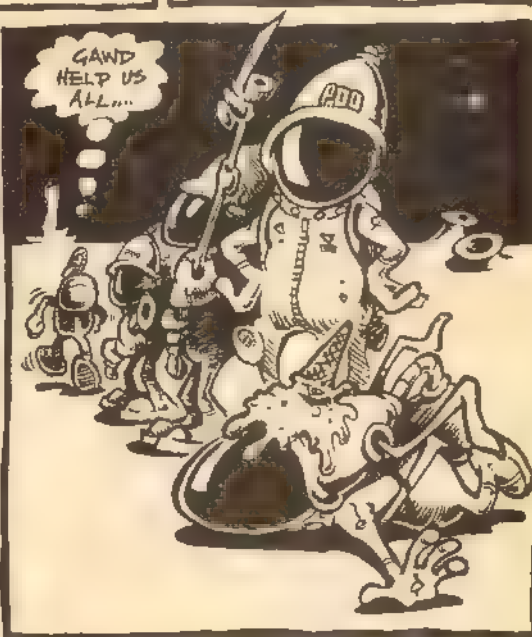
SSIGH WODDAYA
WANT NOW, RABBIT?

....OR...A
CHOCOLATE
CHIP ICE
CREAM!

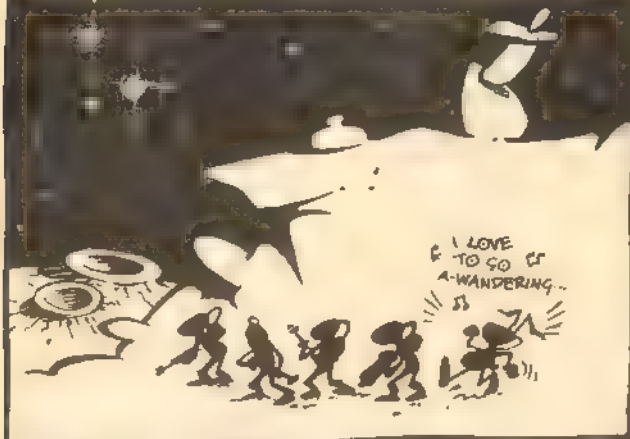


SPLAP!

GAWD
HELP US
ALL...



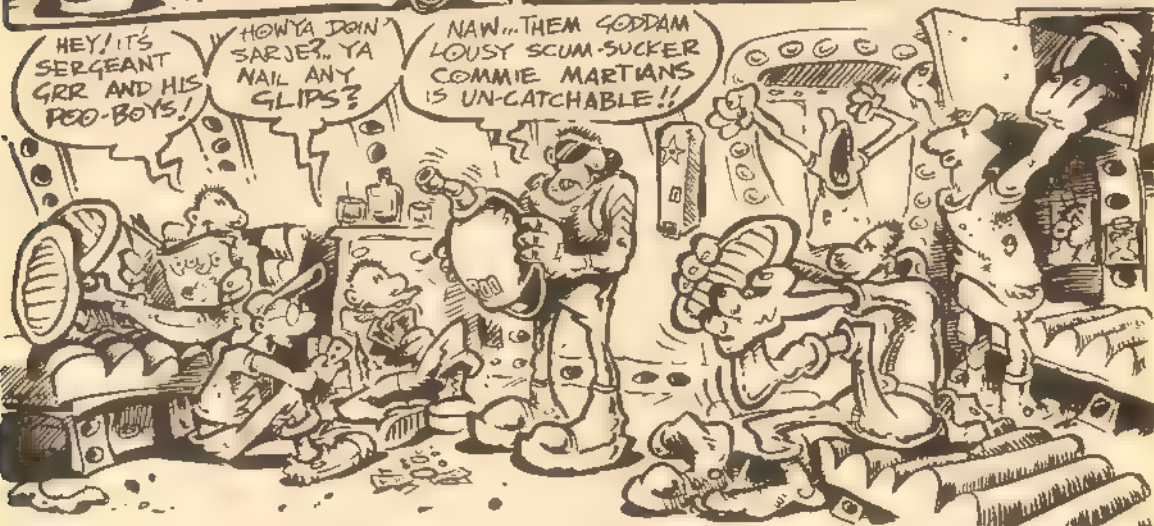
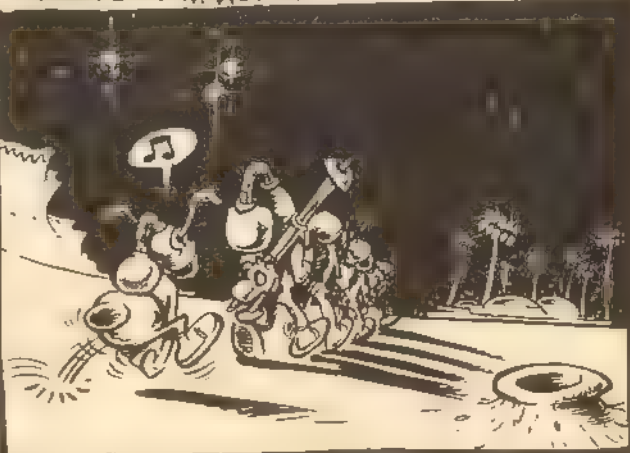
WE WUZ PART OF THE THIRD ARMY (EARTH)
ON SPECIAL OPERATIONS ON THE MOON.
OUR JOB WAS TO HARASS THE GLIPS
AND DISRUPT THEIR COMMUNICATIONS...

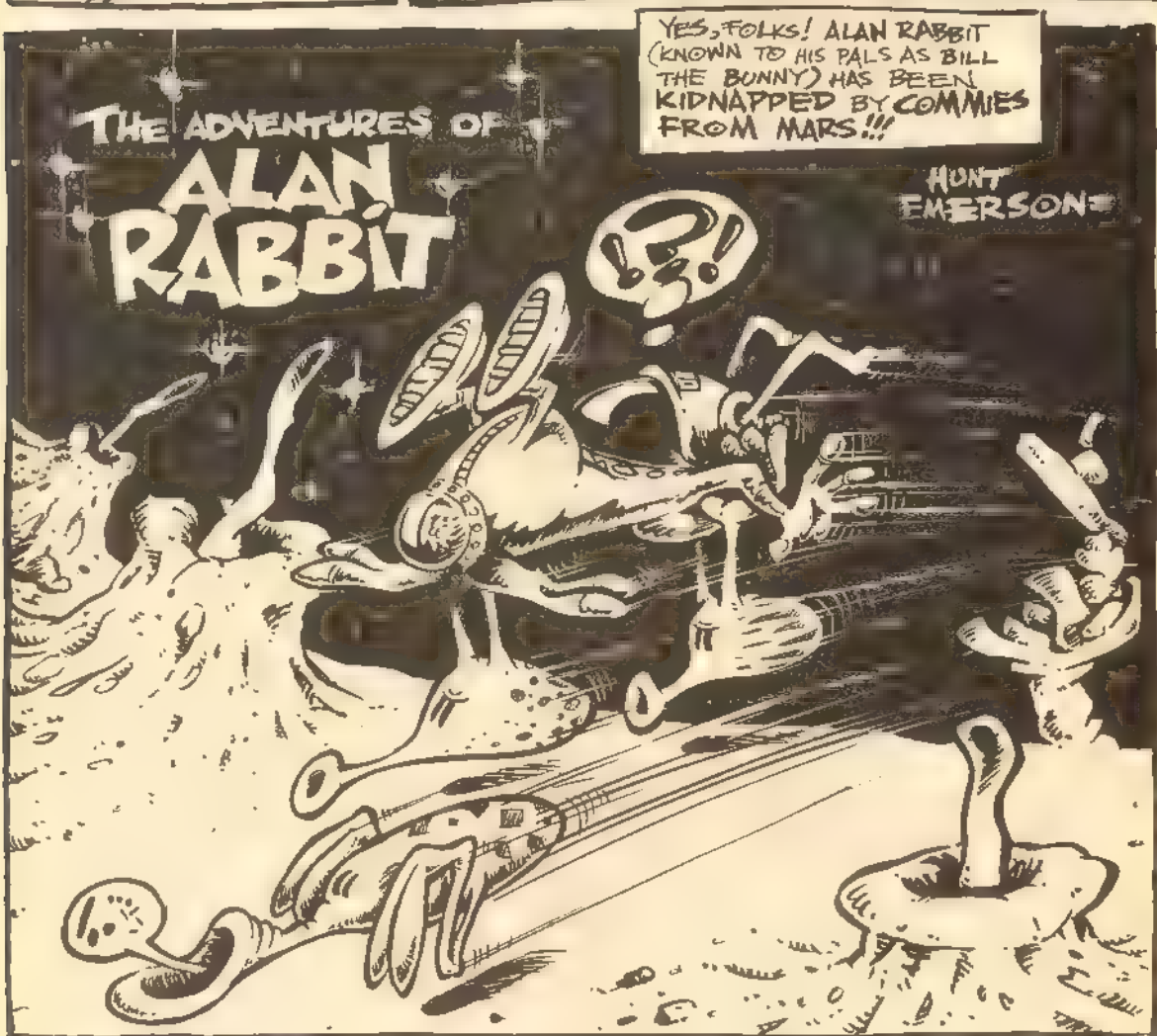
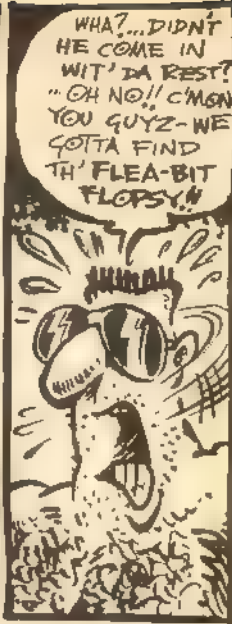


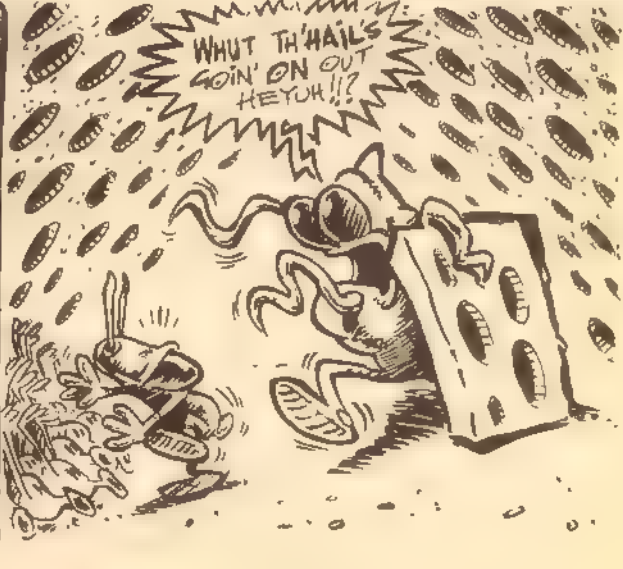
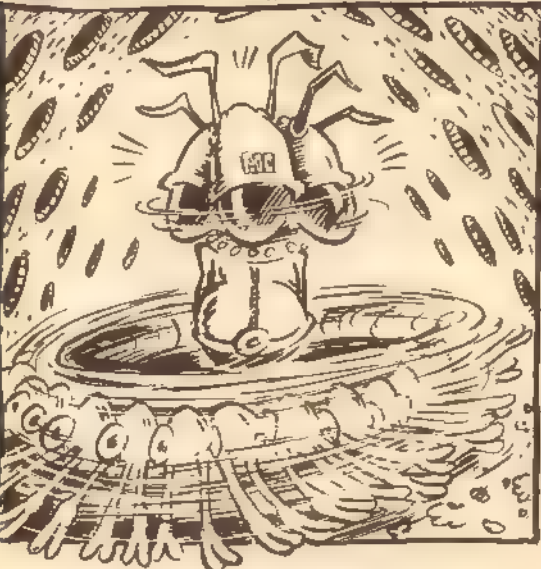
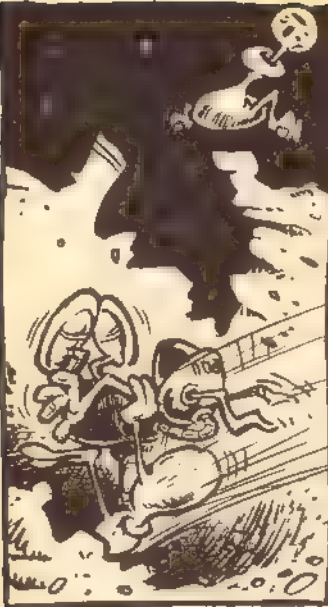
...THE TROUBLE WAS, WE WERE LUCKY
IF WE EVEN SAW THEM. THEY COULD
FADE IN AND OUT OF A LANDSCAPE
LIKE THEY WUZ MADE OUTA STEAM!

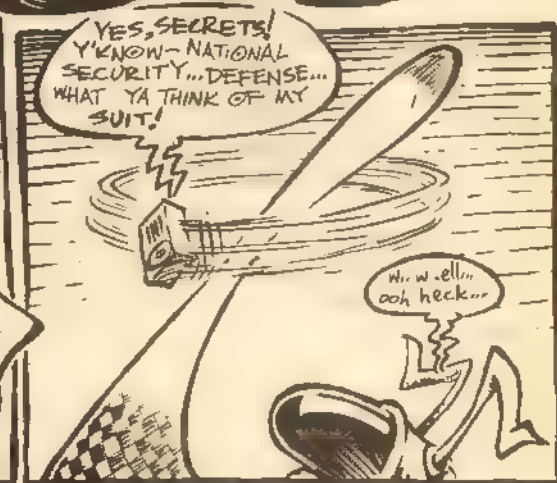
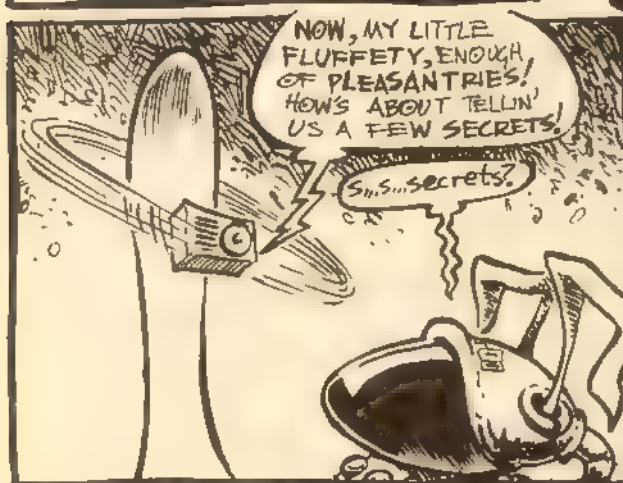
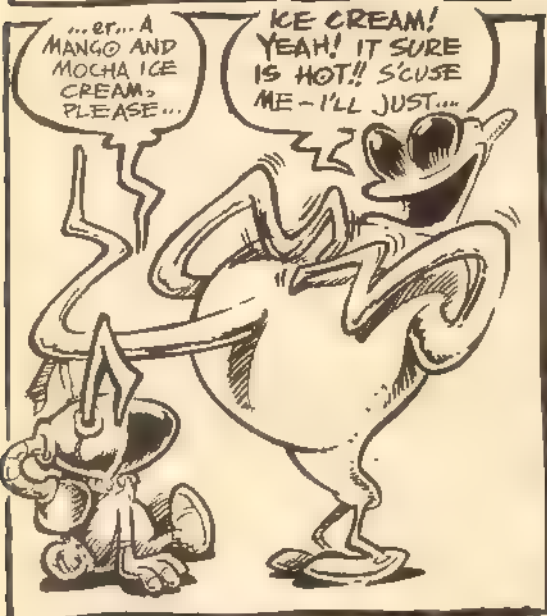


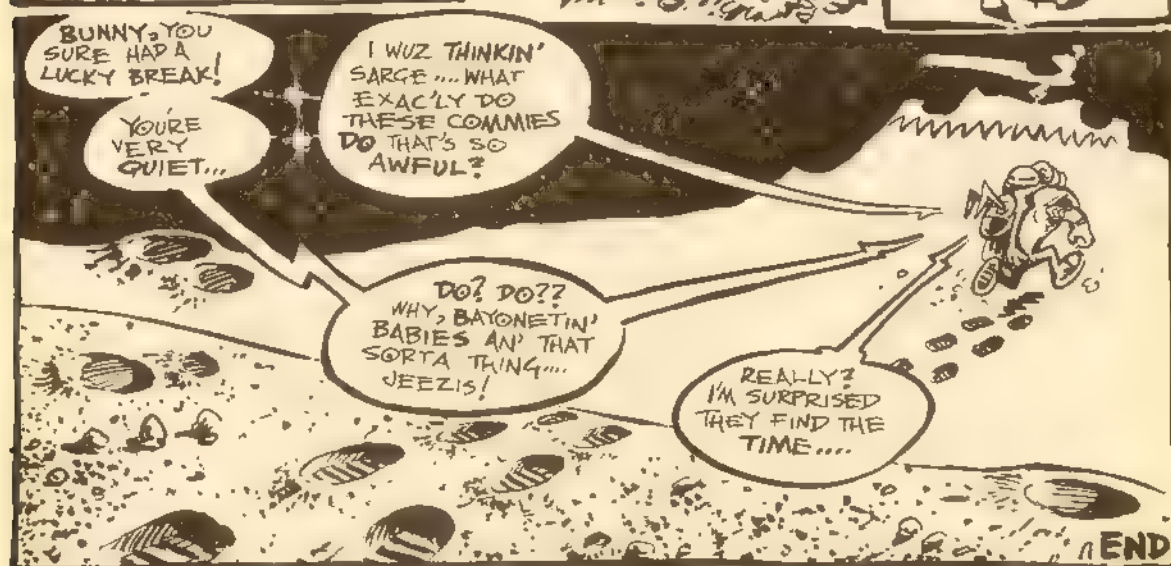
IT WAS THE SAME ALL TH'TIME... WE'D SPEND
DAYS TRAILING A GLIP HITSQUAD, AND THEY'D
JUST ...VANISH!! WE SHUFFLED BACK TO
MOON CITY MANSIONS...











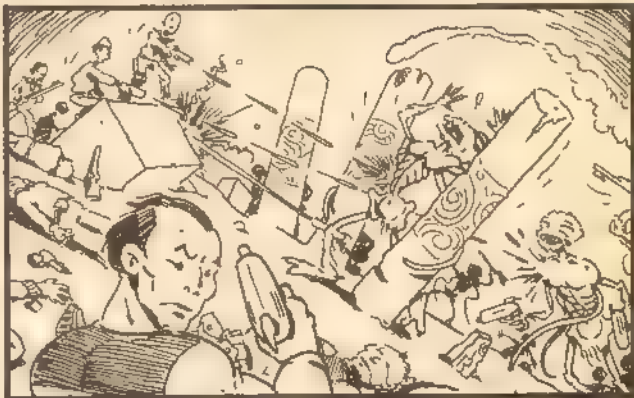
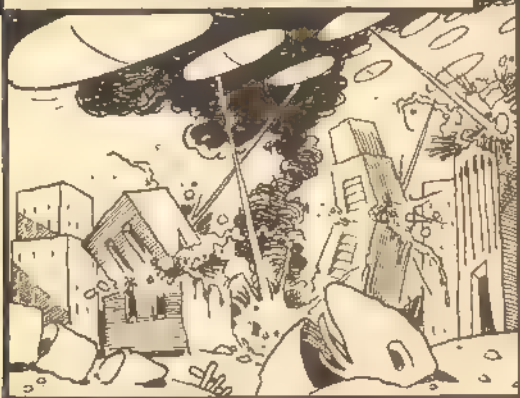
EARTH HAS KNOWN SOME CHANGES IN THE PAST 10,000 YEARS...THE NATURAL RESOURCES WERE ALL USED UP BY 2003, AND FOLKS HAD TO ADAPT... THEN THERE WAS A MAJOR NUCLEAR ACCIDENT, A MAJOR NUCLEAR SABOTAGE, AND A MAJOR NUCLEAR WAR ALL IN THE SAME YEAR, 2031, AND FOLKS HAD TO ADAPT TO THAT...THERE WAS THE MASS PSYCHOSIS AND GENERAL MAYHEM OF THE MUTANT PURGES OF THE 30TH CENTURY, AND, INEVITABLY, THE MUTANT REVOLT OF THE 31ST CENTURY, AND FOLKS CERTAINLY HAD TO ADAPT TO THAT... AND THEN, OF COURSE, THE COMING OF THE 2ND ICE AGE, AND AGAIN, FOLKS HAD TO ADAPT... SO WHEN THOSE COMMIE TYPES ARRIVED FROM THE PLANET MARS... WELL, LIKE I SAID... EARTH HAS KNOWN SOME CHANGES IN THE PAST 10,000 YEARS...

2001:



THE MARTIAN COMMIES JUST CAME SNOOPING DOWN OUT OF THE SKY WITHOUT WARNING, IN A RUTHLESS ATTEMPT TO TAKE OVER THE EARTH!

DESPITE HEAVY LOSSES, THE TERRAN ARMY STEADFASTLY REDUCED THE COMMIE HORDE TO A HANDFUL! - THAT HANDFUL, HOWEVER, WAS A DETERMINED BUNCH...



A SMALL PATROL MOVES INTO THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CITY ON THE BRAZILIAN EQUATOR... THEIR DESPERATE MISSION IS TO LOCATE TWO GOVERNMENT AGENTS TRAPPED WITHIN THE AREA, AND RETRIEVE TOP SECRET INFORMATION WHICH IS SAID TO CONTAIN THE KEY TO AN EARLY EARTH VICTORY...

THE RADIO SIGNAL HAS STOPPED, BREEN... ALL I'M GETTING IS A HOMING BLEEP FROM THE RUINS!

IF THOSE GOVERNMENT GUY'S ARE IN THERE, I DOUBT THEY'LL

I... STILL BE ALIVE...

LET'S GET A FIX ON THEM... NO SENSE GOING IN BLIND...

BLEEP! BLEEP!

BLEEP!

ZLT!

OF COURSE, IN THIS CASE YOU NEVER KNOW WHO WINS UNTIL EVERYBODY ELSE IS DEAD!

AMBUSH!

JEEZ!

ZFT!

GIBBERISH! GIBBERISH!

ZLT!

BREAK UP! MAKE FOR THE RUINS!!

ZFT!

Two large, grotesque, alien-like creatures with multiple eyes and sharp teeth are shown in a close-up, looking menacingly at the viewer.

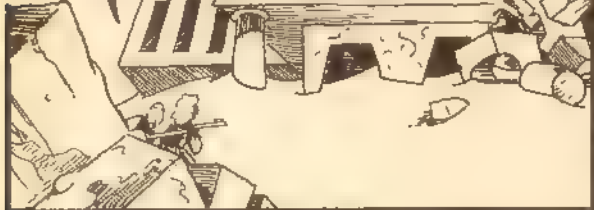
A chaotic scene of destruction and debris, with a large explosion or impact in the center. The sound effect 'ZLT!' is written in large, bold letters.

JÖRG! OVER HERE!

BOOSH!

PANT! PANT! GOD!

THE PLACE IS FILTHY
WITH 'EM...WE'VE GOT
A BETTER CHANCE
INSIDE!

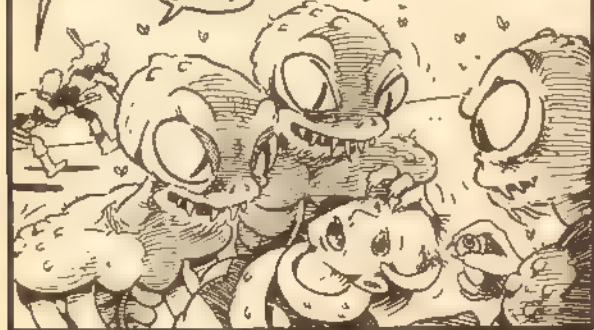


CAREFUL...
THERE'S A
TEA PARTY TO
STARBOARD!



I THINK
I'M GONNA
BE SICK!

SHUT UP
AND
STAY
LOW!



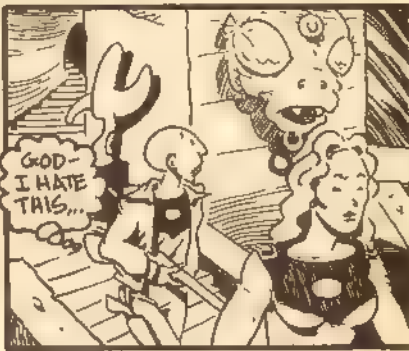
I MEAN...THEY
LOOK LIKE SOME-
THING YOU'D
FIND ON
ANOTHER
PLANET!

GET A
GRIP ON
IT, JÖRG!

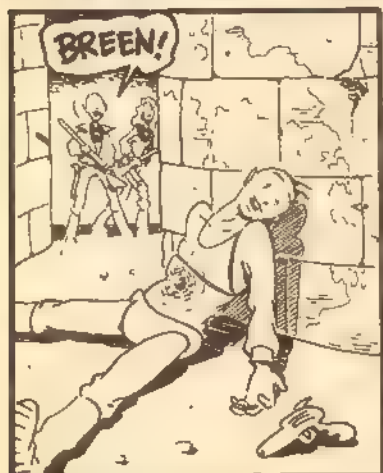


Bleep!
Bleep!

THIS
WAY!



GOD-
I HATE
THIS...

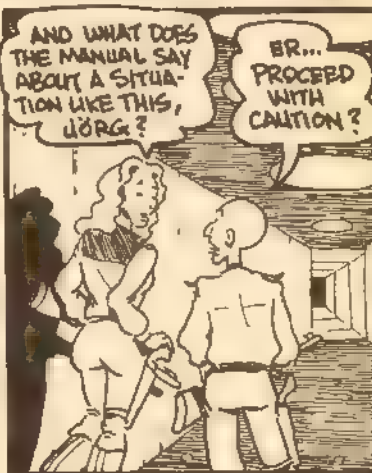


BREEN!

HE'S
DEAD!

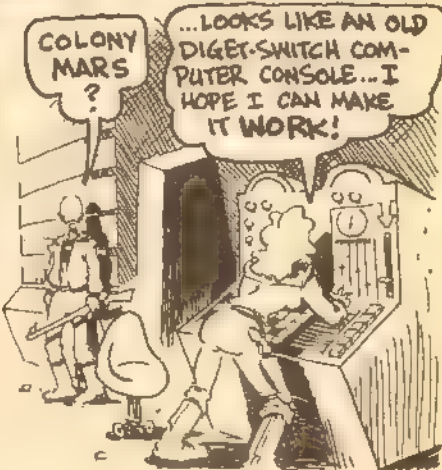
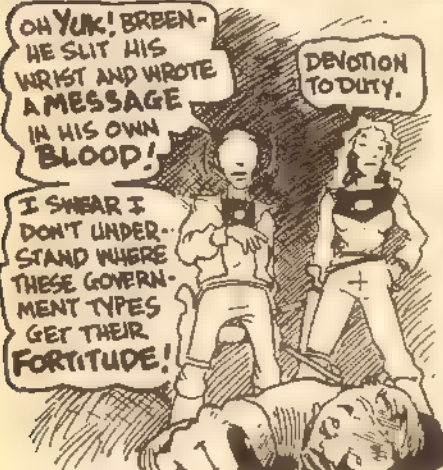
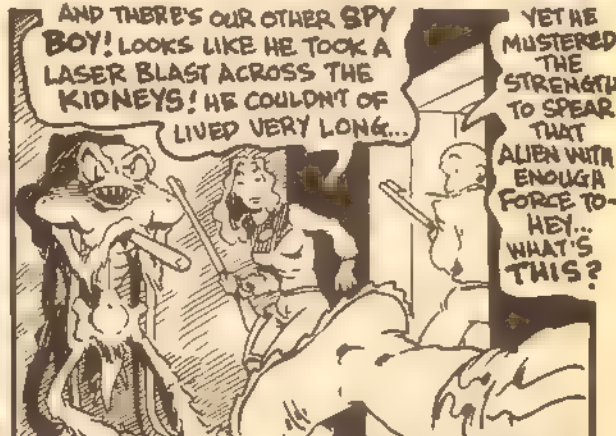
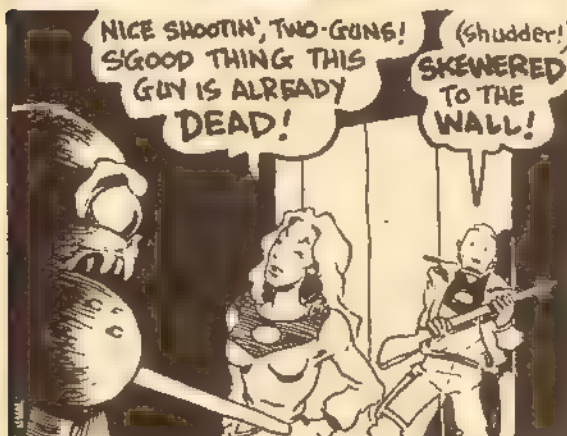
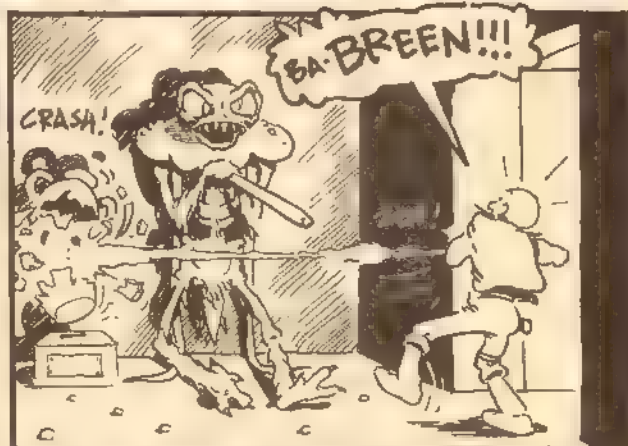
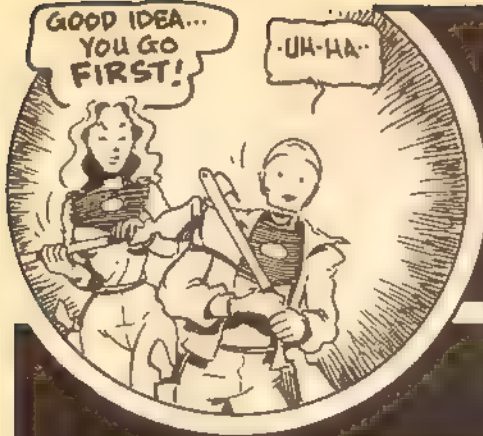
COME ON!
THE SIGNAL'S
FROM
FURTHER
BACK!

Bleep!
Bleep!



AND WHAT DOES
THE MANUAL SAY
ABOUT A SITU-
ATION LIKE THIS,
JÖRG?

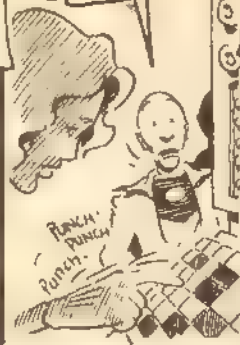
ER...
PROCEED
WITH
CAUTION?



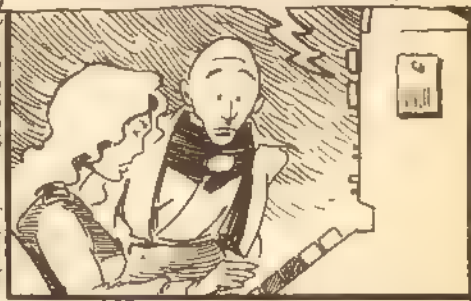
(ENGAGE) • COLONY MARS: Blip!- NEW FRONTIER COLONIZATION, PLANET MARS ... ESTABLISHED 2020 A.D ... SUSTAINED BY HYDROPONICS, CLONE STOCK, HYBRIDS, AND PERIODIC LUNA-MARS EARTH SHUTTLE...



COLONY?
MARS?

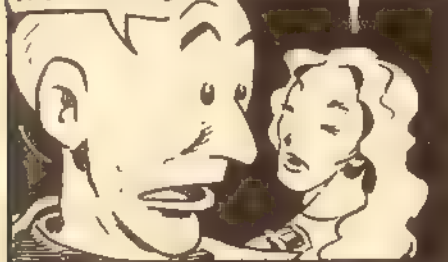


Blip!... SOLAR REFLECTORS PLACED IN ORBIT OF MARS ABOVE POLAR CAPS IN CONJUNCTION WITH EVOLVED ATMOSPHERE THEORY... EXTRAPOLATION: SELF SUSTAINING IN HALF-CENTURY... SEE ALSO: ABANDONMENT OF SUPPORT

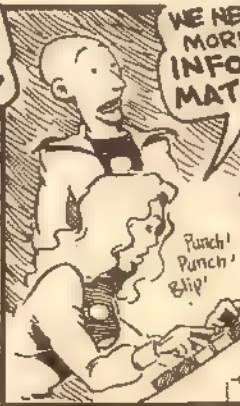


A REVELATION!
THERE'S NOTHING
IN THE HISTORY
BOOKS ABOUT
A COLONY!

HISTORY ONLY ACCOUNTS
FOR THE LAST 6,000
YEARS... AND THAT'S
PRETTY SKETCHY...



WE NEED
MORE
INFORMATION!



Blip!... IN LIGHT OF EXTREME NUCLEAR PROLIFERATION OF 2031 A.D, EARTH CAN NO LONGER SUSTAIN COLONY MARS ECONOMICALLY, POLITICALLY, OR OTHERWISE... PROJECT TO BE ABORTED... MAY PROVIDENCE HAVE MERCY... FINAL TRANSMISSION- (FINAL COMMUNICATION) ... Loop! Loop! Loop! Loop!...

NICE! THE SOB'S
ABANDONED THE
SETTLERS ON MARS!

WHY! THAT MEANS
THE MARTIAN RACE
IS DESCENDED
FROM (GASP) EARTHLINGS!

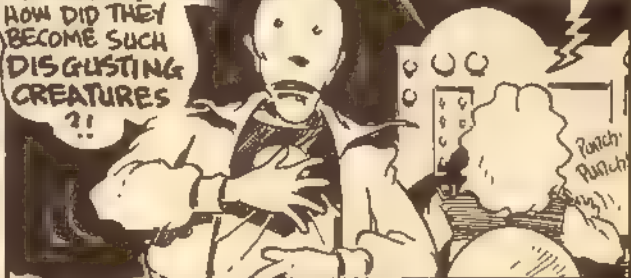
MAINTAIN YOUR
GRIP, JORG...
WE HAVE TO
FIGURE THIS
THING OUT...



(THUMP! THUMP!) -
BUT... WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THEM?
HOW DID THEY
BECOME SUCH
DISGUSTING
CREATURES
?!

WE NEED
MORE
INFORMATION!

Blip! - HUMAN EVO-
LUTION: CAUSE AND
EFFECT AS PERTAINS
TO A NUCLEAR EN-
VIRONMENT ETC ETC



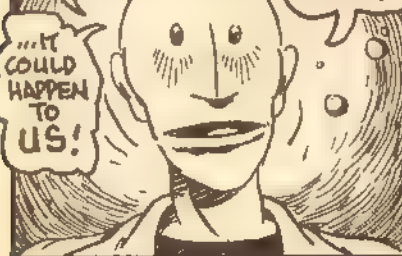
MY GOD!
IF IT'S
OUR
GENETIC
MAKE-UP...

SNAP!

...THE ROOTS
OF MARS
ARE IN
THE SOIL
OF EARTH!

US AND THEM
BUG-EYED
MONSTERS...
WE'RE
COUSINS!

AND THIS WHOLE
SILLY INVASION
AIN'T NOTHING
BUT A...
FAMILY
SQUABBLE!



OH GOD!
THE
IMPLICATIONS!
THE
IMPLICATIONS!



AND DOOR OL' JÖRG GOT
SO WHACKED OUT BY THE
CONCEPT OF THE THING
THAT HIS GRIP SLIPPED...

BING
PING



AND WITH SANITY
WENT CAUTION...

HEY! YOU
GUYS!
C'MERE!



AND JÖRG PERSUADED A FEW
LEATHER-NECKS TO FOLLOW
HIM BACK DOWN TO THE
COMPUTER ROOM...

YA
GOTTA
HEAR
THIS!



WHERE THEY PROCEEDED TO
BLAST THOSE TWO COMMIE
MARTIANS TO ATOMS... ON
THE SPOT!

WHOA!

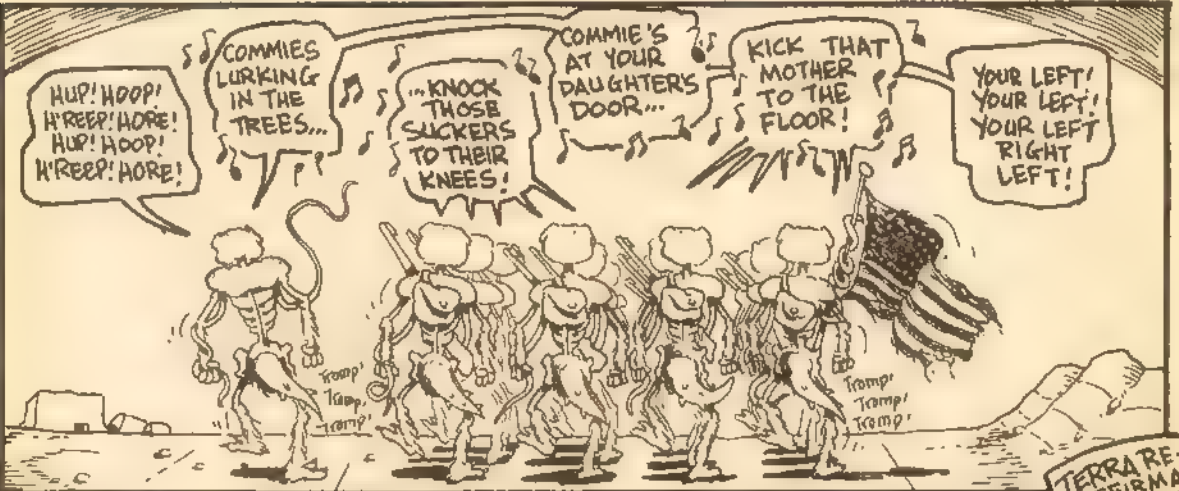


AND EXCEPT FOR A FEW
THAT GOT UP INTO THE
HILLS AND MOST
LIKELY FROZE TO
DEATH, THAT WAS
THE END OF THAT...



...AND LIKE THEY SAY: A
DEAD MARTIAN IS A DAMN
FINE MARTIAN!

A'RITE, YOU SOFT-SOAP
SISSIES! LETS MOVE OUT!



HUP! HOOP!
H'REEP! HORE!
HUP! HOOP!
H'REEP! HORE!

COMMIES
LURKING
IN THE
TREES...

...KNOCK
THOSE
SUCKERS
TO THEIR
KNEES!

COMMIE'S
AT YOUR
DAUGHTER'S
DOOR...

KICK THAT
MOTHER
TO THE
FLOOR!

YOUR LEFT!
YOUR LEFT!
YOUR LEFT
RIGHT
LEFT!

TERRA RE-
AFFIRMA

GREGOR'S 115TH WET DREAM. "He's a Dirty Little Monkey and He's Totally Out of Control." by Irons.

GREGOR IS IN TROUBLE AGAIN HE'S GOT A CASE OF CHRONIC TUMESCENCE

HE'S SUFFERING FROM TESTOSTERONE POISONING TOO MUCH BLOOD IN THE GONADS - NOT ENOUGH IN THE HEAD.



WHEREVER HIS PRICK POINTS, HE FOLLOWS DRAGGED AROUND TOWN LIKE A DOG ON A LEASH.



HE HAS BLUE BALLS. A HARDON THAT WON'T QUIT SHOOTING PAINS



HIS BLOOD ENGORGED MEMBER HAS A MIND OF ITS OWN IT WON'T LISTEN TO REASON.



IT'S DISPENSED WITH THE FORMALITIES. IT WANTS TO SLITHER AND SLIDE BETWEEN SLIPPERY LIPS. SKIP THE INTRODUCTIONS.



TO BURROW INTO BOUNCING BUNS. EXCHANGE SNAPSHOTS WITH SOME SWINGING SINGLES. DROWN ITS SORROWS IN SOME WATER SPORTS.



SKATEBOARD CUTIES' YOW!



MAYBE FOR SPOTTY YOUTH IN ADOLESCENT BLOOM, BUT GREGOR'S STATISTICALLY LONG OVER THE HILL. PEAKED OUT 15 YEARS AGO. PRACTICALLY DEAD!



I CAN'T REMEMBER MY NAME BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER!

TELL IT TO THE HOT SPURTINGS OF HIS PULSING CHOD. BETTER WATCH IT OR YOU'LL BE TELLING IT TO THE JUDGE, GREGOR.



BETTER EXERCISE SOME SELF-CONTROL.

HE'S TAKEN MEASURES.

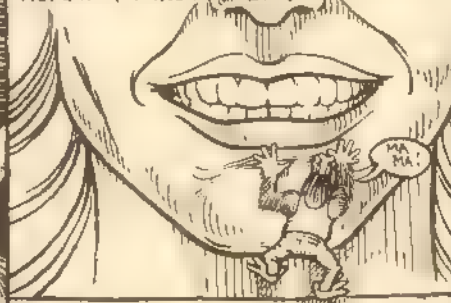


TRIED IT ALL COLD SHOWERS TO DEFLATE HIS STEAMING SHAFT. HEALTHY EXERCISE. LAPS AROUND THE TRACK. LAPS OF THE SWIMMING POOL..

IT'S USELESS. LAPS OF SWEET SENORITAS HE WANTS LAPS OF CUNT HE WANTS



IT'S TOO MUCH HE'S LOSING IT. SOON HE'LL BE LIKE SAMMY DAVIS HUMMING NIXON'S LEG.



MA MA!

HE NEEDS A TOURNIQUET TO STRANGLE HIS WEENIE. WRAP RUBBER BANDS AROUND HIS PUTZ AND PRAY FOR SPONTANEOUS AMPUTATION. HIS EYES ARE FULL OF BLOOD. BRAIN TWISTED WITH RUT. WHERE'S ESCAPE!?



IT'S A FUCKING COMMIE PINKO PLOT! LSD IN THE WATER SYSTEM! SPANISH FLY IN MY SOUP! CRABS IN MY COFFEE CUP! BUGS IN MY PHONE! JUST SOFTENING US UP FOR THE INVASION!



DIABOLICAL HERBICIDAL PENETRATION OF THE FOOD CHAIN! WRITHING FLESH-POID WAVE ENGULFING EARTH! ALIEN HOARDS! GODDAM COMMIES FROM MARS! TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!



MZ. PRESIDENT, MAY I INTRODUCE THE AMBASSADOR OF GOODWILL FROM THE RED PLANET!



LATE ONE EVENING...

GEEZE! Y'KNOW
I'M REALLY VERY
HUNGRY AGAIN.

YAH METDO. BUT
WHERE THE HELL
ARE WE GOING TO
FIND A PLACE OPEN
AT THIS HOUR?

WELL THEY'VE REOPENED THE
WIZZER CAFE THAT'S CLOSE

CLOSE, BUT A DUMP.
WHAT MAKES 'EM THINK
THEY'LL EVER DO ANY
BUSINESS THERE?

GIMMICKS. FUNNY
NAME. FUNNY FOOD.
LATE HOURS. C'MON.

AFTER A
SHORT
WALK...

COMMIES FROM MARS CAFE

THIS IT?
RUN BY
COMMIES?

NOW JUST A
CRAZY NAME.

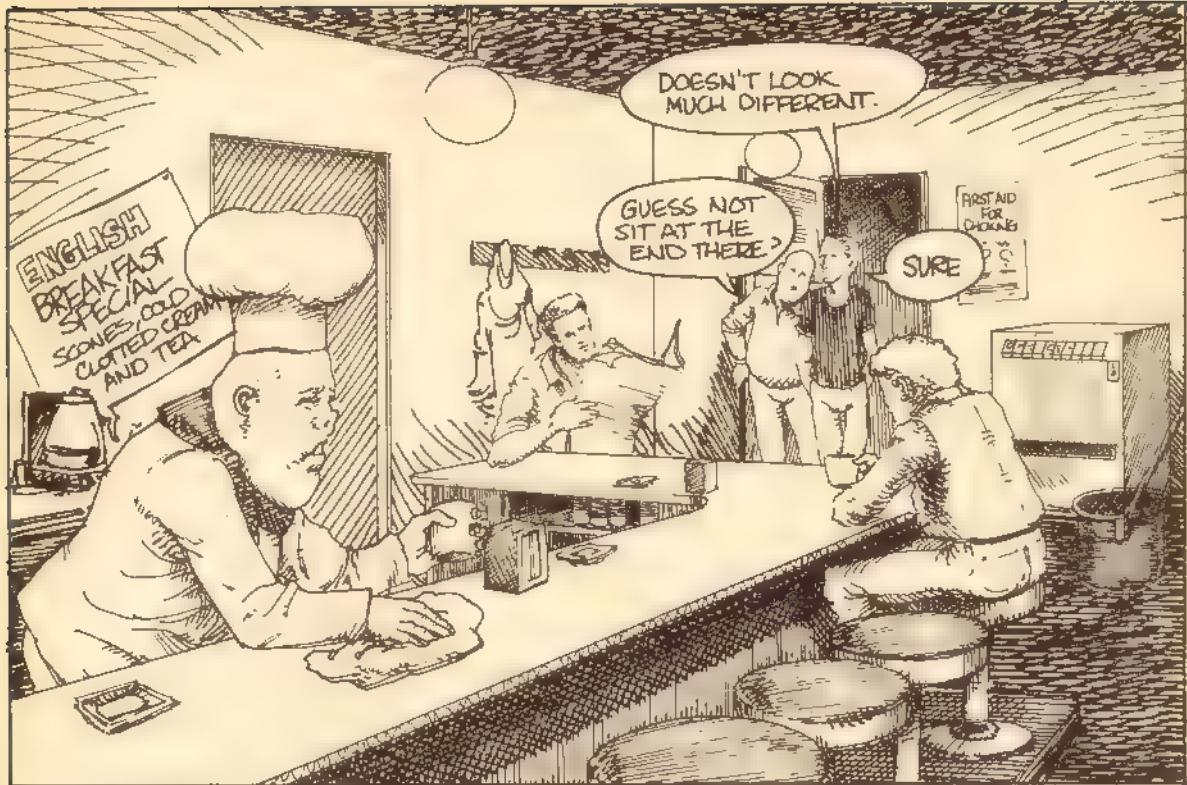
MARS CAFE

ARE YOU SURE
IT'S STILL OPEN?

YAH, YAH. THERE'RE
STILL PEOPLE AT
THE COUNTER.

AFTER YOU!

YOU ARE TOO
KIND...JERK.



DOESN'T LOOK MUCH DIFFERENT.

GUESS NOT SIT AT THE END THERE?

SURE

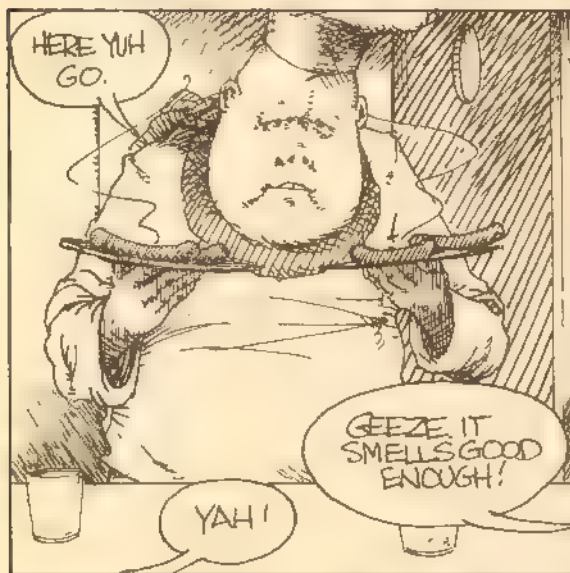
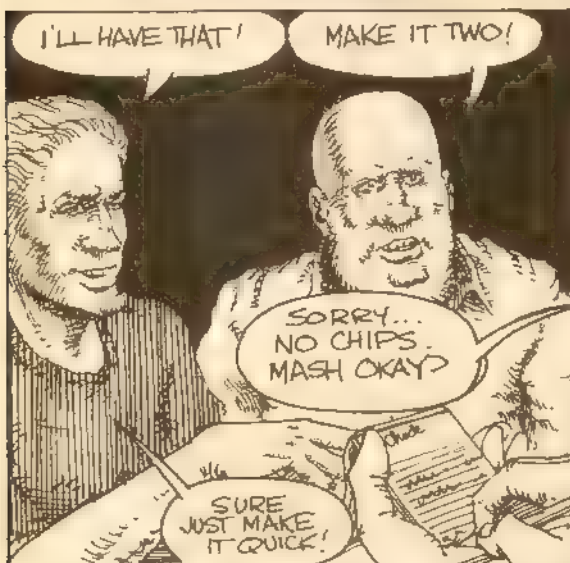
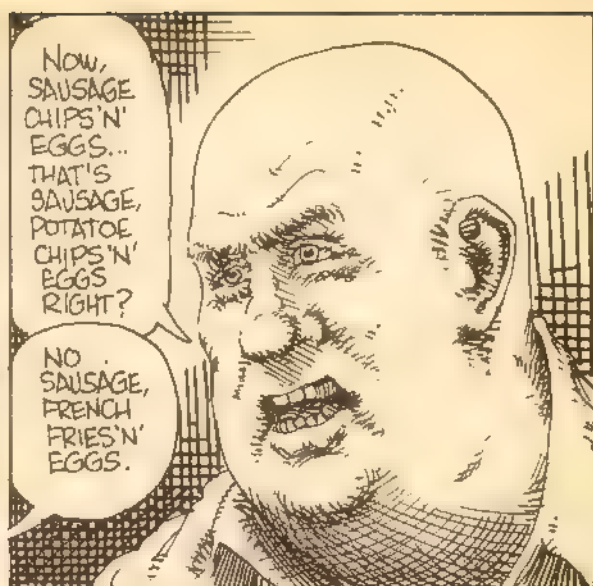
FIRST AID FOR CHOKING

WHAT IS THIS STUFF ANYWAY? IF THIS IS "ENGLISH" FOOD WHY ISN'T THE MENU IN ENGLISH YOU CAN UNDERSTAND?

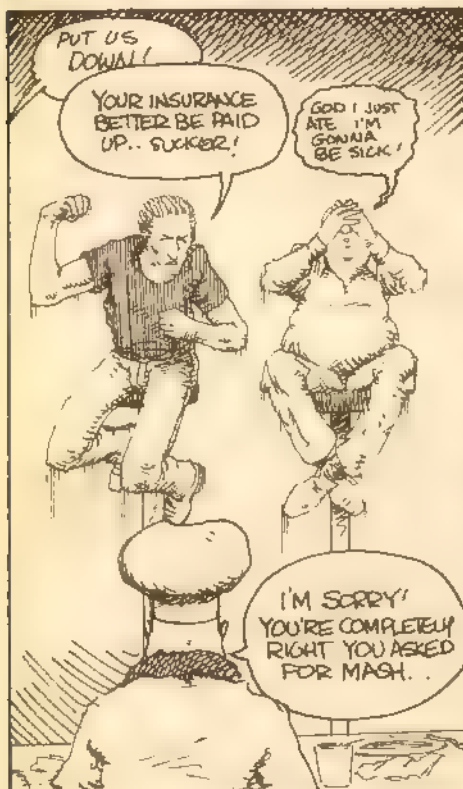
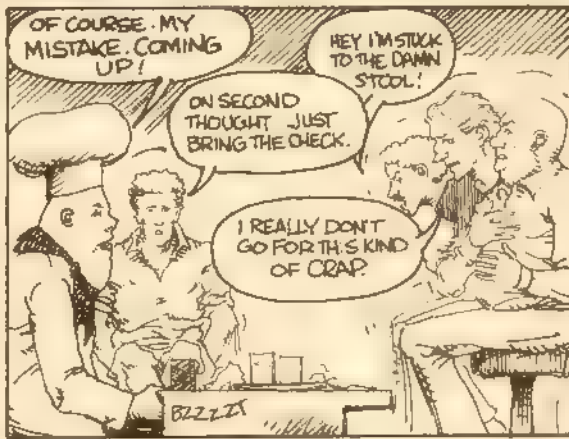
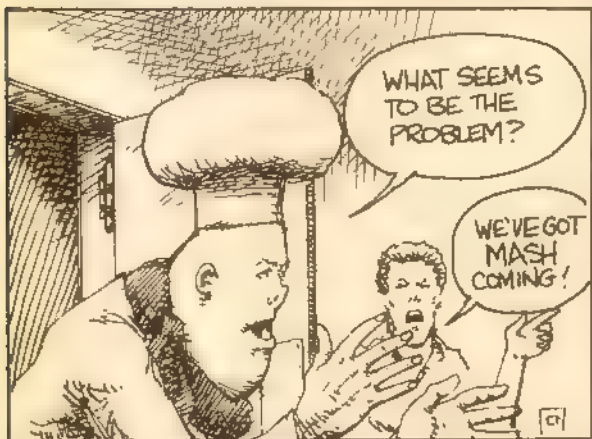
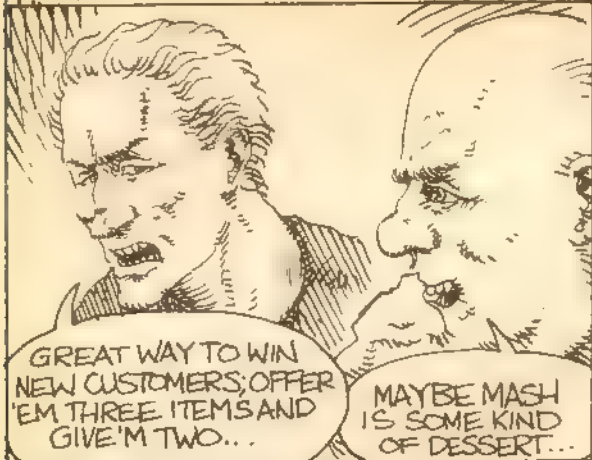
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, GENTS?

SCONES WITH COLD CLOTTED CREAM? TRIFLES? GEEZZE!

ANY CHANCE WE CAN GET SOME TRANSLATIONS OVER HERE?



A SHORT WHILE LATER...





THERE! MASH!
EVERYONE
PLEASED?



SUPPER'S ON!

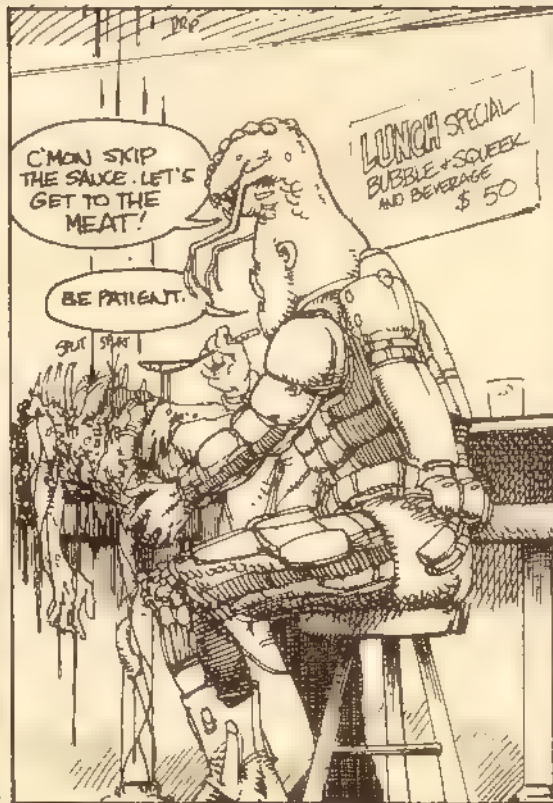
NICELY
DONE!

THANK
YOU



GOODY
GOODY
GOODY
...FOOD!

TRY TO
SHOW
SOME
RESTRAINT



C'MON SKIP
THE SAUCE. LET'S
GET TO THE
MEAT!

BE PATIENT.

LUNCH SPECIAL
BUBBLE & SQUEEK
AND BEVERAGE
\$ 50

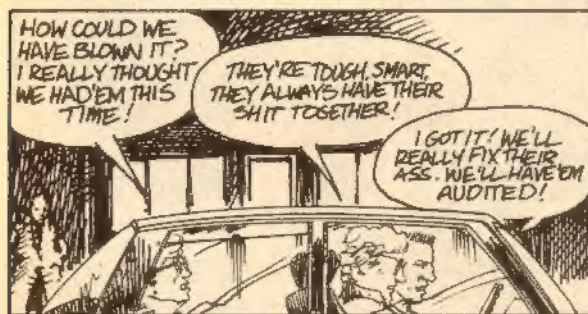


CRASH!!

SMACK
GULP

SLURP

WHA...



MAN ON THE MOON

by
SHAWN
KERRI
©'79

YEP, THIS IS THE PLACE. HEAVILY ARMED STRIKE FORCES COME HERE FROM ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE...



...TO SET UP COMMAND POSTS. OBJECTIVE: DESTROY EARTH, BUT NONE OF 'EMS DONE IT, YET.



THEY SIT UP HERE JERKIN' OFF, GO LIMP, AN' THEN JUST LEAVE. BUT THOSE RED MARTIANS CAMPED OVER THERE...



MIGHT BE DIFFERENT! PRETTY FORMIDABLE LOOKIN'. THEY DEMANDED MY SPECIFICATIONS ON HOW TO BLOW UP EARTH!



I SAYS "FUCK YOU, COMMIES!" 'SPECT ME TO HELP YA TURN MY FAVORITE SATELLITE INTO SO MANY SMOULDERING ASTEROIDS?



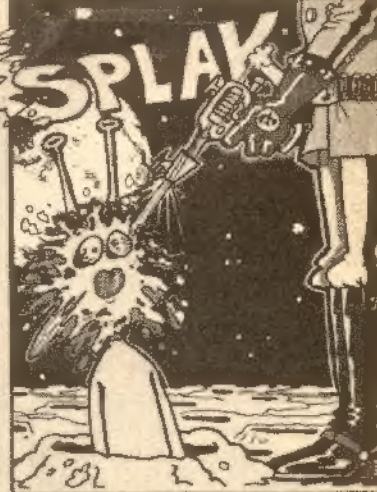
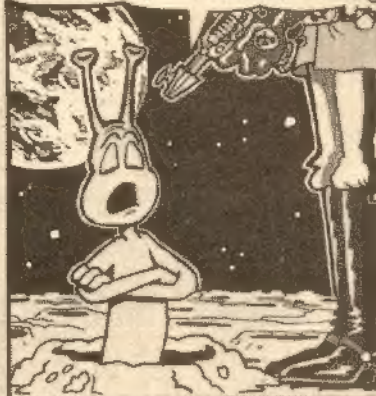
NO TELLIN' WHERE ME AND MOON'LL END UP ONCE THE GRAVITATIONAL BALANCE IS GONE!

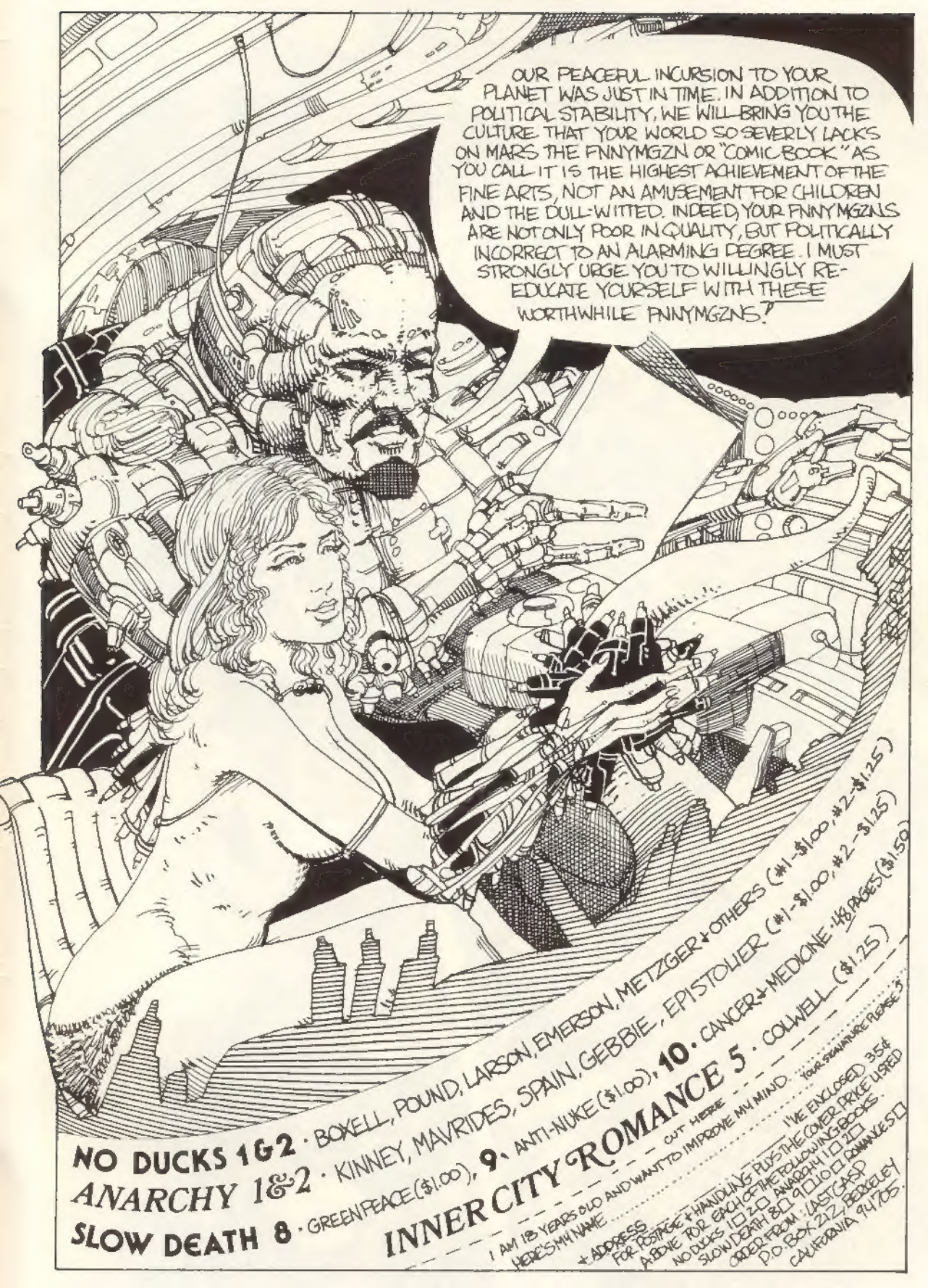


THEY KEPT SAYIN' THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF ME, THEY'RE A KIND, GENEROUS PEOPLE... IF I SCRATCH THEIR BACK, ET CETERA.



STILL I REFUSED! THEY SAID THEY UNDERSTOOD, WOULDN'T DREAM OF FORCING ME TO LIVE THEIR WAY OF LIFE, IF I REALLY DIDN'T.





OUR PEACEFUL INCURSION TO YOUR PLANET WAS JUST IN TIME. IN ADDITION TO POLITICAL STABILITY, WE WILL BRING YOU THE CULTURE THAT YOUR WORLD SO SEVERELY LACKS ON MARS THE FNNYMGZNS OR "COMIC BOOK" AS YOU CALL IT IS THE HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS, NOT AN AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN AND THE DULL-WITTED. INDEED, YOUR FNNYMGZNS ARE NOT ONLY POOR IN QUALITY, BUT POLITICALLY INCORRECT TO AN ALARMING DEGREE. I MUST STRONGLY URGE YOU TO WILLINGLY RE-EDUCATE YOURSELF WITH THESE WORTHWHILE FNNYMGZNS.

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